

Hays City Free Press

HAYS CITY, KANSAS.

For Better Roads.

Many Americans who live in or near large cities would be surprised to hear it stated that the United States has the poorest roads of any civilized country in the world. Nevertheless, the statement is declared by all who have had opportunity to learn by experience to be unquestionably true, when the roads of the whole country are considered. Lately there has been much criticism of the automobile as being destructive of good roads. The damage is so great that in France the government has been forced to take up the matter, and is even now studying preventive plans. In the United States, however, it may be that the automobile will yet prove a powerful influence in better roads. The American Automobile association has recently held a two days' good roads convention in Buffalo, at which provision was made for practical demonstrations of the best methods of road-building and repairing, and for experiments looking toward the discovery of a binding material for surfacing roads which will not be sucked out by the pneumatic tires. There are signs, too, says Youth's Companion, that the old policy of throwing upon the towns the burden of building the roads and keeping them in repair is to be superseded by the more sensible plan of having the state do it. The towns will, of course, care for their own streets, but the main highways should be built and cared for by the state, as they are in France, Germany and Switzerland. The national government has decided to send the director of the department of roads to the international good roads convention which will open in France in October, and at which the problem of the automobile and the roads will receive special attention.

That readiness in an emergency which made the New Englanders the wonder of the world has not been entirely lost in these latter days. A Connecticut farmer has recently exhibited it. The man found four boys stealing his early apples, and gave chase to them. He was handicapped, however, by the loss of a leg—he left it on the battlefield at Antietam—and had to get along with a wooden substitute. When he was about to reach out and seize one of the running boys by the shoulder his wooden leg went down a hole in the ground and broke in two. The boys stopped to jeer him; but he took a string from his pocket and spliced the broken leg so quickly that he was up again and at them before they realized what had happened. He caught the boy he was after, and the others surrendered. There are several morals to this tale, but the most obvious one is that men with wooden legs ought always to carry string in their pockets to be provided against accidents.

Light in the Dark Continent. There is a new ray of light for Africa. Belgium has decided to take under national control the region of the Congo. Not since the days when Great Britain was aroused to a white heat by Armenian massacres has there been so much international indignation as in recent years over reported atrocities in the valley of the Congo. To be sure, there have been pro and con, and the controversy has been general, says the Boston Herald, that the exploitation of the resources of the Congo has given much more attention to the size of the product than to the life and happiness of the natives. Perhaps the fittest and most hopeful comment is the fact that Belgium itself has taken this African dependency from the personal control of the sovereign, King Leopold, and has made national the government and the responsibility thereof.

Are foreign-born American citizens more patriotic than the native-born? An ex-mayor of Detroit thinks that some of them, at least, are. In speaking of the matter to a friend recently, he recalled a visit from a delegation of Poles a few days before December 14, 1899. They asked what program the city had arranged for the day. The mayor told them that he had heard of none, and asked why they supposed there would be any. "Why," said the spokesman, "have you forgotten that it is the centennial of the death of Washington?" The mayor had forgotten, but he attended the meeting which the Poles themselves held, and listened to an intelligent and deeply reverential address on the life of Washington.

The residents of a town in Massachusetts whose water has been had were stunned by the knowledge imparted to them of the reason thereof by the state board of health. They were informed that the cause was due to "Aphanizomenon, one of the cyanophyceae." To this was added the simple advice: "Get rid of them." Such water as that is certainly enough to drive any brain not under the direct intellectual influence of Boston to drink.

What good news! An alarm bell for motors which rings automatically when speed is raised beyond the lawful limit, has been invented. But stay! won't the noise crusaders object to this increase of nerve-tearing sounds? Nearly every automobile will then go ringing, as well as whizzing.

Airship invention may make sufficient progress in this country to make it a matter of indifference to Capt. Hobson whether there is an old-fashioned fleet in the Pacific or not.

IDEA FOR BREAKFAST ROOM.

Better to Keep Separate from the Main Dining Chamber.

A breakfast bay breaking out from one side is a favorite treatment for the newer dining-rooms. These bays have a slight elevation, and heavy curtains conceal them from the dining-room proper, making a cozy and secluded breakfast room for a family of three or four. Mullioned windows are attractive, and casement sashes are good form, especially if English or colonial designs are used in the dining-room. A side door from the bay to the butler's pantry is most convenient, and, if paneling is used, a concealed door is easily arranged. A small table, the desired number of chairs, and simple curtains admitting the sunlight are all the furnishings a bay should receive. When a larger family must be accommodated, a breakfast room is arranged conveniently opposite the main dining-room. This, of course, gives freedom of treatment of a separate room. These separate breakfast rooms are especially satisfactory decorated in blue. One can here introduce a pretty Dutch scheme, when it might not be appropriate elsewhere in the house.

PEAS IN THE POD.

Old Way of Shelling Them Is Altogether Unnecessary.

At last the season of the succulent green pea need not be regarded with horror by the cook. No more need the pea be shelled in the kitchen, and the shelling done in the dining room, while the rest of the dinner waits until it is almost too late to complete it for that day. No more need mother stay home from picnics and other parties because the peas must be prepared for lunch or dinner. All that is necessary is to throw them, pods and all, into the pot. Cook them the usual length of time. When they are done, the pods will break and rise to the surface, while the peas may be found at the bottom of the kettle. What a change this will make in the time it requires to cook a meal! What a comfort it will be to feel that no more afternoons need be spent in shelling peas, and what a joy it is to know that peas when cooked this way are better than when hours are spent upon their preparation.

Mint Jelly.

Many persons dislike anything of a 'ood variety containing gelatine, and the usual meat jellies contain such, or a splendid jelly to serve with cold or warm meat is a mint jelly, the bulk made with apples. Cook the apples as usual for apple jelly, strain the juice and add a handful of crushed mint. Boil until the flavor is extracted, strain twice, and add the same amount of sugar and boil until a thick jelly is formed. The jelly can be flavored in the same manner, and also cranberry juice, which is really delicious when flavored with fresh mint.

Binding Pies.

How many housewives feel like shedding tears when they see their nice juicy pies leaking all over the oven. To prevent this calamity and produce a presentable exhibit of culinary art take a strip of bleached cotton mastic, a little longer than the circumference of the pie and from one and a half to two inches wide, depending on the thickness of the crust; moisten well with water and fold neatly over the edge of the pie. See that it ad heres snugly. After the pie is baked the binding can be peeled off and your juice is where you want it.

A Dash of Molasses.

Whenever it comes to pies, New England must take the credit. This is natural, where a certain dish becomes a three-times-a-day meal. They ought to make it good when they eat it for breakfast.

Summer boarders along the New England coast have often wondered why the blackberry and huckleberry pies were better there than anywhere else.

The secret is out—the dash of molasses is put in.

Cream Cheese.

Allow a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of unflavored rennet to every quart of milk and when you have a solid curd turn into a bag and let it drip. It may have to hang for a day before the whey ceases to drip from it, but when this stage is reached take the curd out, chop it fine, put into a cheese box and press two hours. Wrap in tissue paper or in tinfoil. Change bag at end of 12 hours should the curd take that length of time to drip.

Lady Fingers.

Six eggs, their weight in sugar and half their weight in flour. Beat the yolks light, whip in sugar, half the grated peel and all the juice of a lemon. The flour and last the whites. Turn into the little molds that come for lady fingers; bake steadily, covering them with paper until they are risen.

Crisp Waffles.

One scant teaspoon lard and butter. A little sugar and a pinch of salt, two eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, one pint milk and a little water. Mix lard, butter, sugar, salt, yolk of egg and add flour and baking powder. Make as stiff as for cake dough. Never grease waffle irons except when new.

Tomato Catsup.

Cut tomatoes, boil tender, put through sieve, cook as thick as desired. Use about the same ingredients as for chili sauce. Be careful about spice, as it destroys the tomato color. Air tight. When done add one gill of brandy.

"Divinity Fudge."

Two cups granulated sugar, half cup corn syrup, half cup water. Boil until brittle when dropped in cold water and beat slowly into the frosted whites of two eggs. Add one cup nut meats and pour on plate to harden.

Preserving Unused Lemon. If, when using lemon for flavoring, you need only half a one, put the other half on a plate and cover with a glass tumbler. This excludes the air and prevents it from drying up or getting moldy.

Fragments of an Interrupted Courtship

BY ANNIE T. ROTTER

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The ragged pines of old Virginia and hardly settled themselves firmly in the soil of the confederacy to which the secession of the old foggy state had transplanted them, when, in the shadows of an antiquated library, a young apostle of the new doctrine wrote:

Confederate States of America, Richmond, Va., Apr. 29, 1861.

Dr. Schuyler Vansittart.

My Dear Sir: You will observe that, without, believe me, a tressor or the straining of a single heart tendon I have changed my nationality and my country. Instead of the "stars and stripes," the "stars and bars" float to the breeze (use extreme originality of expression), and our brand new ship of state darts, alone, the storms of war. You and I may never meet again—nothing would induce me to marry a horrid Yankee—no try to forget me, as the very remembrance of you is ignored. With three cheers for Dixie.

Yours in oblivion,

ELIZABETH PONSOMBY.

War opened, hostile armies confronted each other between Richmond and the Potomac; Mason and Dixon's line was accentuated by fixed bayonets and enforced by the booming cannon; sword thrusts gave point to geographical boundaries, while the long roll of the drum warned off all intruders.

Letters flew north from the blue uniforms on the Potomac, and traveled south from the gay coats at Manassas, but never crossed, save by flag or truce, the sharp wall made by picketed muskets. Terrible orders from irascible old generals, who had outgrown romance and outlived sentiment, sternly directed all letters to be read before passing under the white folds of these same peaceful banners.

So every word was weighed, and dictionaries became the popular literature of the day to those that wrote to "the other side," in order that a phrase might be found capable of expressing everything to some particular person, but betraying nothing to the flag-of-truce-letter-reading department. No one must suspect that the loving inquiries about Aunt Jane's neuralgia, or the intense anxiety concerning Uncle John's rheumatism meant an altogether different query to those that wrote so guardedly. So persons in the leading newspapers, north and south, were resorted to, and many a fine held a bleeding heart, while a single word often carried joy to an entire household, or that most awful of all persons, initials and a date, followed by the one word "killed," embodied too frequently the history of a broken life. But no such tragic announcements were for Elizabeth. A calm, dignified, eminently proper personal in the H—

SCHUYLER hopes little sister's fever is abating. Grandma sends love, Richmond E— please copy.

was all. Back by rapid transit traveled the answer (he could almost see the nervous fingers fly over the paper):

ELIZABETH no better. Grandma sends love. H— please copy.

One dismal morning Mrs. Ponsomby was sewing diligently on a soldier's haversack, one of an immense pile, in



Sewing Diligently on a Soldier's Haversack.

such haste to finish her task that she wasted no time in fastening stitches or in strengthening straps. Thus, without the eye of the prophet, one might see, in future weary marches, many a poor fellow's scanty rations slipping through the gaps in this same haversack made by fingers more enthusiastic in effort than proficient in accomplishment, and hear, instead of the blessings the old lady expected to be poured on her industrious hands and self-sacrificing heart, the echo of an assortment of ejaculations, made possible only by confederate whisky, flung at the careless fingers of the maker.

"Mighty go-lookin' sojer want to see you, Mis' Clementine," said efficient though ungrammatical Judy, nodding her turbaned head to Mrs. Ponsomby through a disjunctive opening in the door. "Say, he ain' hungry, 'cause I dun as him dat fus' thing, look monus poly, do' fus' sojer I see in a mont' o' moons whar ain' horny."

"On the nineteenth of May," said the limping wearer of a ragged gray coat, as he stood in Mrs. Ponsomby's presence, with the crown of a hat surrounded by a broken halo of brim in his hand, "our regiment held a position on the right of the Tenth Alabama, the attacking force. Behind an old house, set at just the right angle, as it seemed to us, to hide an ambush, a party of sharpshooters was carefully and all too accurately picking off our men. Suddenly an aim-

was unerringly taken—our flag trembled and fell!"

And so it went on, the familiar but ever moving tale of a flag-bearer killed, a soldier—the narrator of the story—springing to the rescue of his standard, himself to be laid senseless by a bullet. From this oblivion he had been awakened from a drenching cold waterbath to hear the verdict, "Poor fellow! leg badly shattered!" pronounced over him by a voice with a slight nasal twang. A voice, it chanced, that he was destined to hear daily during his tedious illness, for the man who had picked him up on the field was also the assistant in the hospital, and quite a friendship grew up between the young doctor and his patient, through their many conversations. So it was that on the day of the narrator's discharge, the surgeon, along with congratulations on the other's recovery, and approaching exchange, gave a confidence and asked a favor, as he said, "while your ardor is yet at white heat."

"Three years ago," the doctor continued, "before this hateful war was ever dreamed of, and while I was a student in Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a young lady from Richmond. The circumstances were romantic—well, never mind them—it's a long story—tell you some other time, perhaps," he added, dubiously, "five years after a treaty of peace, as the confederate bills say."

"Well, without going through the various stages of the affair, from rapture to despair, and from despair back, through faint glimmerings of hope, to ecstasy again, the decision was finally reached that we were, well, after a fashion, engaged; quite, I assure you, on the order of poor Harry and the well-nigh forgotten Flora of Madison Square fame. Just then, with abominable inopportunities, I felt, Mr. Lincoln asked Virginia (mind you, when the day was, after many delays, actually fixed) for her quota of troops. Poor old Virginia had, with her usual deliberateness, been slow to move, but this call moved her—out of the union—leaving me, as Miss Elizabeth thought, on the wrong side."

"One day, it must have been by the last through mail, I received a most astounding letter from the young lady herself; terrific headlines, shocking sentiments, 'Southern confederacy,' and all the rest of it. Quite a doubling up of fists all round, a regular 'one-up' on the other side, and, once safe in the south, she said 'ending everything.' I said 'Never,' with a capital N. Well, to come to the pith of the affair, we hear through persons of each other—awfully cut and dried way of writing love letters though, you know; so I ask you, as man to man, to get a letter to Elizabeth for me. Of course you can't carry a written communication. I don't care to treat the camp to a specimen of my ability as a military Romeo, so I am going to read the epistle which you, once safe in Richmond after your exchange, are to write out in my name and hand to her in person. Now will you do this, without altering jot or tittle, except to throw into it all the fervor you can convey on paper; and will you remember that under no circumstances are you to give this precious document into any hands save those of the terrible little rebel who wrote the wonderful letter of 1861; or, if impossible to see her, then into those of her mother."

To that question the letter that now passed from the hands of the "ragged man" to the feminine fingers that dropped the unfinished haversack to receive it, was the silent and sufficient answer.

The smoke still lingered over the smoldering chimneys of Richmond when Judy, ignorant of the interstate episode in her mistress' love affairs, entered one morning to announce a visitor.

"Gemmen in de parlor, Mis' 'Lizabeth, an' clar to goodness, you'll hev' to 'scuse me, but he mos' sholy do look powerful like one o' dem Yankees whar cum in wid de union."

And after the end at Appomattox, when the guns were stacked for all time by the tired hands of the starved men who wept as they laid them aside, Surgeon Vansittart and Elizabeth—But what need to go over the old story? Patriotic fervor gave place to cosmopolitan love—was it ever otherwise? Cupid is blind, so gray and blue are alike to him. And ought we not to dwell together in "love and peace?"

Passing the Time.

From an eastern city comes a sad story of a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"Come down," demanded the knock-

er.

"But—"

"Come down!"

The man of many nephews hastened downstairs and peeped around the door.

"Now, sir?" he demanded. "I wan'ah know the time," said the reveler.

"Do you mean to say you knocked me up for that? How dare you?"

The midnight visitor looked injured.

"Well, you've got my watch," he said.

—Arogonaut.

Olive Oil Culture.

Owing to the strict government inspection, practically all Italian export olive oil is pure on leaving Italy. For home consumption there is hardly a sufficiency, from year to year, necessitating large imports of cottonseed oil from America; and this has induced the government to take special action toward the improvement of olive culture.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

REUNITED WITH WIFE



Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, war hero, diplomat, has become reunited to the Spanish wife who has for the past 27 years resided with her own family in Madrid, Spain.

Gen. Sickles is one of the most popular of the remaining civil war commanders and is affectionately known as the "hero of Gettysburg." He has always been active in politics as a Democrat, and was a congressman before the civil war. At that time he raised a brigade in New York and tendered it to President Lincoln, but declined to accept its command on account of his own politics. The president, however, swept away the objection and appointed Sickles to command his men. He was advanced to the command of a division, and at the close of the war was made major general of the regular army. He lost a leg at Gettysburg.

Among the diplomatic positions held by Gen. Sickles are those of secretary of legation at London, ambassador to Spain and special commissioner to South America. He was also appointed minister to Holland and later to Mexico, but declined both appointments.

The first Mrs. Sickles was a beautiful Italian girl, and it was when she confessed to an alliance with Philip Barton Key, district attorney for the District of Columbia and son of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," that Sickles, then a congressman, shot Key down on the street. He was acquitted by a jury and then astonished the country by forgiving his young wife and taking her back into his affections. To the bitter protests of his friends Gen. Sickles responded with the publication of a formal statement that is an eloquent and touching defense of his position and of the wronged Mrs. Sickles. Mrs. Sickles died a few years after, and later, while ambassador to Spain, Sickles was married to a young woman of a prominent Castilian family. She returned with him to America, but after a few years she went back to her own land, declaring herself unwilling to stand the rigorous winter of the new world, while the sentimental and other interests of her husband were all in his own country. A daughter is the wife of a prominent British diplomat, while a son is attached to the American legation at Athens, Greece. Gen. Sickles will be 84 years old in a few weeks.

DOING REMARKABLE WORK



Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska, is attracting the attention of the world by the progress he has made in his work. The educational standing of the frigid territory was practically nil when Dr. Jackson took up his work there in 1885. The population was naturally scattered, and communication was difficult. There was seemingly no demand for education, so far as the major portion of the populace was concerned, and the trip of the intendant teacher to the field of his labors meant a long journey among the icebergs by boat and then a cross-country movement by dog train. Consequently the demand for positions as teachers in that country was modest.

But Dr. Jackson is nothing if not an enthusiast in his work, and he soon became convinced that no field at hand would pay better returns on the work and worry expended. He declares that the Alaskans are susceptible of an exceptionally high degree of education, that they are much the superiors intellectually and mentally of the American Indian.

Seventy teachers are now at work in Alaska, and these teach nearly 3,000 pupils of all ages. The coming of the schools has been warmly welcomed by the natives, and they crowd the little buildings and lavish much affection upon their instructors.

Dr. Jackson, who has brought the system up to its present point, was a Presbyterian minister who began his missionary work with the Choctaw Indians before the civil war. After the war he began the work of spreading the religious spirit through the border states, and he was instrumental in establishing the regular organizations of his own sect in nearly a dozen western states. During the period of his service in Alaska he established the first canon mail service there in 1883, secured the first district government for the territory a year later and then introduced the crude school system which he has since developed so remarkably.

SAYS PLANTS HAVE SENSES



Sir George Howard Darwin, president of the World's Association of Science, has astonished the scientific and lay worlds by his positive declaration, based upon long study, that plants can see, think and remember. The proofs he produces are such that the scientific gathering to whom his remarks were addressed were compelled to admit the probability that plant life is not devoid of a certain low order of instinct akin in a far-off way to that possessed by animals. And it may be safely said that Sir George has given the scientific contingent a profitable field for investigation for some time to come.

Sir George is the second son of the late Charles Darwin, even more famous as a scientist than the son and as well known for the rather startling nature of some of his deductions not less than for the convincing fashion in which he defended his theories. It is far from certain that many of the striking new statements of the son upon the subject of the development of plant life are not really the following out of ideas which were settled upon and given the light by the senior Darwin in his lifetime.

He is by no means a stranger to America, either as a matter of reputation or in personal contact. For he came across to attend the celebration of the bicentenary anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, under the auspices of the American Philosophical society of Philadelphia, a year or so ago. Among the discoveries which will make his name most notable in the list of scientists, however, are his studies upon the subject of tides. Probably no other authority of the time is so well versed in the real "why" of the tides as he, and his writings and lectures on the subject are pretty near classics.

Sir George is a professor in Trinity college, Cambridge.

VICTIM OF "VENDETTA"



United States Senator Levi Ankeny of Washington is the latest victim of the "vendetta list" of "senate undesirables" to be defeated for re-nomination at the primaries. Reports as thus far received and tabulated show that Congressman Wesley L. Jones is ahead from 1,500 to 3,000 votes, while Judge Snell is a bad third. Ankeny is one of the men listed by Senator La Follette for defeat.

Ankeny has been one of the unique characters in the senate. From the start it has been charged by his enemies that he bought his way into that body, and as he is more than a millionaire and had some precedent in his favor in senate history, the charge did not excite his fellow-members. He first tried for the senate in 1895. He was not successful, and tried again in 1902. He was elected. He is asserted by his political enemies that he spent \$49,000 more to elect him. Wesley L. Jones, the victorious candidate, is a poor man, a lawyer, and has a good reputation in public life.

Senator Ankeny was born in Missouri and started his fortune in the transportation business to and from the Oregon mines. He was the first mayor of Lewiston, Idaho, and later an alderman in Walla Walla, Wash., which city is his present home. He was married in 1867 to the daughter of United States Senator Nesmith of Oregon, the union following an accidental meeting on a train at which the young people fell in love at sight.

Would Sell Galileo's Letters. The rumor that a Roman prince intends to sell abroad a quantity of Galileo's letters has raised a storm of protest in the scientific world and in the local press, says a Rome correspondent of the London Globe. The correspondence in question is of great interest, both historically and from a scientific aspect, for in these letters the celebrated astronomer informed his friends of his work and its results in the way of discovery. In fact, the Italians regard these letters as a national treasure, and it is hoped that

the Italian government will not allow Italy to lose them.

Second Thoughts.

And now the season of the year has come when the small boy unravels the ancient stocking to secure yarn with which to make a cricket ball. And when he has the ball made, he cuts the top off one of his father's boots to make a cover; and when the parent discovers the liberties taken with his boot, the small boy wails: he had used it as a lining for his trousers.—Royal Magazine.

TESTING PAINT.

Property owners should know how to prove the purity and quality of white lead, the most important paint ingredient, before paying for it. To all who write, National Lead Co., the largest manufacturers of pure white lead, send a free outfit with which to make a simple and sure test of white lead, and also a free book about paint. Their address is Woodbridge Bldg., New York City.

NO BATHTUB FOR HER.

"New-Fangled Contrivance" Emphatically Failed to Win Approval.

The French abhorrence of the bath is a la nature is shared by many people, particularly one old woman up in an east Tennessee town. The town had just had a water system installed and the natives were "pining with pride" at their bathtubs and equipment where one could perform his ablutions at will without waiting and longing for Saturday night.

This old woman was an exception to the rule. She made her home with her son, and his wife, according to the mother-in-law, was "allus a-bankerin' after somepin' newfangled."

A neighbor, who had been in to inspect the improvements in the house, remarked to the old woman: "Well, Mrs. X—, this will be a pleasure for you—bath any time, night or day. You will certainly enjoy it."

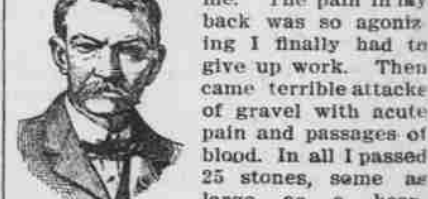
"That I won't," said the old woman, tartly. "I been a member of the church 50 year an' always lived honest an' upright. Git inter one er them tubs? Me? Why, Sary Ellen, them things ain't decent!"

AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passage of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



The Scramble for Wealth. If there is a sad thing in the world it is the spectacle of the men and women who, in their mad scramble for wealth, have crushed out of their lives sentiment and the love of all that is beautiful and sublime. The very process by which they seek to win the means of enjoyment kills the faculties by which they can enjoy. When the average man wins his wealth he finds himself without the power of enjoyment, for the enjoying side of his nature is dead. He finds to his sorrow that the straining, striving life is also a starving one.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM. Take the Old Standard GILBERT'S TASTEFUL CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle. It is a simple, reliable and pure tonic, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, etc.

The doing of evil to avoid another evil cannot be good.—Coleridge.

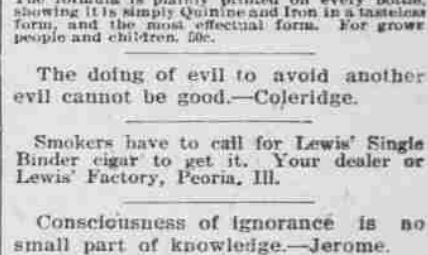
Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Consciousness of ignorance is no small part of knowledge.—Jerome.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

If you don't get the best of it, make the best of it.

MY OWN FAMILY USE PE-RU-NA.



HON. GEORGE W. HONE.

Hon. George W. Hone, National Chaplain U. V. U., ex-Chaplain Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer State of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas G. A. R., writes from 1700 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"I cannot too highly recommend your preparation for the relief of catarrhal troubles in their various forms. Some members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. When other remedies failed, *Perrina* proved most efficacious and I cheerfully certify to its curative excellence."

Mr. Fred L. Hebard, for nine years a leading photographer of Kansas City, Mo., located at the northeast corner of 12th and Grand Aves., cheerfully gives the following testimony: "It is a proven fact that *Perrina* will cure catarrh and its gripes, and as a tonic it has no equal. Druggists have tried to make me take something else 'just as good,' but *Perrina* is good enough for me."

Perrina is in Tablet Form.

For two years Dr. Hartman and his assistants have necessarily labored to create *Perrina* in tablet form, and their strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure *Perrina* tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of *Perrina*